

PS 3501

.L415 H6

1922



Homely Philosophy

WRITTEN BY THE WAYSIDE



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ARTHUR REED ALEXANDER

1922

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

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By Arthur Reed Alexander

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PREFACE

Original Bonmots. Epigrammatic Thoughts and What Nots
As favors before, at and after dinner affairs,
Both large and small. We make them to order,
To fit them all. Whatever the occasion may be.
Perhaps a man of renown is to visit your town,
Is to sit at your board, and you wish to entertain him
With apt little thoughts that he never has heard.
Should he be a statesman, make him relax,
Spring something new that won't overtax,
Our bomb Bonmots, made to order, are much in favor.
Oft save the day and then there's little to pay,
By the dozen or score, two to one shots cost more.

TOAST TO MISS SEATTLE

I would drink to thine eyes with a good home brew,
But not the kind you've been accustomed to.
The kind that's meant is of different brand,
And the heart that's true will understand,
Whether in a miss or as man to man,
So here's to the miss—and you.

Of the many country scenes that I have wandered through
Give me the foothills of the mountains,
With their ever-changing views.
Man has greater vision where azure skies are blue.

WITH GLADIOLI

Blended perfume from all the flowers,
Lend themselves to my lady's bower.
From Thanksgiving and Christmas down through Lent
Meeting spring and summer with good intent,
Are always welcome where e'er they're sent.

Here in Seattle we live by the Sound,
And the sight is grand the whole year round,
Our report to the East
Is but a faint echo of the real sound.
And the views of mountains both east and west,
Including Mount Rainier, which is the best.
Come and settle down upon our shores,
And you will wonder why you hadn't long before.

Knew Hector when he was a pup,
Scarce realizes he's grown up,
Except when he dogs my steps.

Let's strive to be frank,
But engagingly so,
That all in contact may know
That we're deeply interested
In human woe.

THE WAYFARER

In 1921

We are but travelers,
Who are on our way.
The road, at times,
May be straight and narrow,
Today and on the morrow,
But with the signs upon the parallel ways
He who hath God-given sight
Need not go far astray.

In 1922

The wayfarer again flares forth
Broadcasted to nations.

Food for thought is often lacking in metre.

If you would continue to deliver the goods
You must keep them attractive.

IN TUNE WITH THE RADIO

Oft in the dark and stillness of night
Adjusting our Radio we soon are receiving delight
From Music afar,
And feel on good terms with Radio stars.

UNAPPRECIATED HONORS

Honors which the world confers
Oft become empty things,
Unworthy to be borne.
If we upon being favored
With our bit of parchment,
Receive it with folded arms
And cold and cynical sneer

And turn our backs upon humanity,
Forget them all. Then
Why should not they, in turn,
Turn our picture to the wall.

FIRST CATCH THEM

African explorers claim that gorillas
Oft attain a weight of three hundred and sixty pounds.
Such heavy weights, known to be unusually strong,
Should be put to some useful heavy work,
Like breaking stone or crushing bone,
But not the human kind.

What is man but a pigmy,
Without that magnetic lifting power
That takes him out of self
And lifts him higher?
Then with holy zeal
He's filled with new desires,
To help lift others like himself
From out the mire.

Amundsen plans to cap the Pole,
Outfitted complete to reach the goal,
Where it's minus much of heat
But very cold.
The plenty they'll have to eat
Will banish cold and supply the heat.
And Radio will furnish music,
With Northern Lights for pastime,
That, sparkling, flashing, bold and dashing
Aurora Borealis.

I would that we establish
A new school of poetic fancy,
Sticking closer to facts
Less given to necromancy.

SPEED GETS THEM

Yes, it gets many a man on his goat,
For it takes its toll and smites you
Tooth and nail, neck and jowl,
And leaves you cold, and
The world looks on another victim.
Oft the result of not tooting a horn.

Dr. Brown was always a sleuth hound
For getting dope when he looked around the town
Between whiles he sharpened our teeth
And bridged the gaps, and when we lost our nerve
He stopped our yap with a little semi-narcotic pap.
Now that he is in the mayoralty chair
I now serve him notice
I'll be there for a hearing.

Haroun Ben Dey is at outs with his harem,
He insists that they play
The harp in the old-fashioned way,
While they have in mind a different lay
The up-to-date jazz of today.
Upon going to press, they were still
Wrangling and jangling away
With slight prospects of his having his way.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, they say,
And when too swift has been the pace
Remorse oft stares them in the face.

If we should tell all the favorable
Things that could be said
About the month of June,
There wouldn't be space enough here
To voice the other kind.

That of neglect may be one of the lesser evils,
Ear wigglers thrive and grow fat on these hot days,
If you've neglected to put out the bait
Do not longer hesitate.

"DIFFERENT ANGLES"

Many a man claiming to be morally right
Has no hesitation about attending a dog or cock fight.
And often telling his wife,
He won't be home till late at night.
Little she knows how he was spending his night.

"JUST FOLLIES"

There were Follies of 1920,
The same in 1922,
The makeup for the same
Always remain in you.

Springtime has lighter ones,
Then summer solstice brings;
There's reactions in the fall,—
Some come late in winter
When the snow begins to fall.

The follies of the Winter,
Spring, Autumn, Fall.
Ever on your guard,
Guard against them all.

TREATING THEM ROUGH

The Landlady blithely sang,
"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,"
In a voice so soft and sweet and low,
It almost made me weep.

Later, on a tempestuous sea,
She sang a different tune,—
"Once is more than enough for me;
Please put me on shore again soon!"

Sounds like the patter of feet
Came from the window pane,
'Twas but the tempo of music
In the midsummer night's rain.

WHISPERINGS

Take the murmurs of the Sea,
How they entreat me,
But their mystery
I cannot fathom.
They are too deep for me.
Who, in their roll and swell,
Can tell what therein dwells.

ON DE CABIN FLO'

Went into a cabin,
Down by de sho',
Doan know who been livin' there befo.,
But man, they sure been livin' scrumptious!
How do I know?
Chicken bones on de table
And rabbit's foot on de flo'.

AT THE BAZAAR

For sweet charity's sake
We often eat dill pickles and heavy pound cake.
Redeeming the day with Angel's food.
Quite an expense, when you have a large brood.

Man often takes the odium,
The ridicule and laugh,
When employed by a paper
And be a member of their staff.
Being ever loyal
When the enemy throws the gaff.

When a man's Ego
Is greater than his intake,
It must from necessity
Be combined with vapor,
Or hot air—or both.

June is the month of roses and brides.
Some of the roses are prim-roses,
But few of the brides.
These are the days
When the fragrance of flowers
Is at its best, and
All Nature attests
Its benevolence,
While many of the human kind
Are somewhat blind
To the many beautiful things we find.

It's rather complimentary
When competitors grab
And try to crab our acts.
Oft times their productions
Resemble Jim-cracks
Compared with ours.
So let them copy
And we'll continue to set the pace.
'Twas ever thus, with the human race.

A Scotch mist never misses anything.

How refreshing to meet a Freshman
In the first few months of his career,
And a few months later
What a chastened, sad and wiser man is he.

In the spring, when a young man's fancy
Turns to Black Eyed Susans and tulips,
The more prosaic things like spuds and turnips
Go rutabegging.

Foolish wives, encouraged by irresponsible men,
Still continue to furnish our annual crop of has-beens.
Some will reply to this by saying,
I'd rather be a good has-been than a never-waser.

This scene is laid in new Nassau,
The old has passed away.
The modern jazz was in full swing,
And in the center, and making the welkin ring,
Was one of the clan, Ban McGraw.
Another disputed his title
And Ban was raw.
And listening to the siren's song
Prodding him on,
He was in no mood for trifles.
So he took him on.
The jazz was stopped, all but the old bass horn,
And the battle raged until the poor bassoon.
Was laid away cold until the following day,
And Ban wasn't the one that was laid away.

There comes a time in the lives of men
When they're called upon to scale the top.
Then it rests with them
To surmount it without a flop.

With the hardening of the h(arteries)
There comes a lessening of the tension of the spring.
From hard and stony faces there is less of joyous laughter,
Seldom does the welkin ring.

"CORN STARCH"

What a prominent part in our lives it plays,
We have it in our soup,
(I am thankful it is not in our tea.)
You'll find it in your custard pie,
Also in the cake.
Please recommend to me something in which it is not baked,
Or stewed, or filtered through.

The money that it once took to make the mare go
Doesn't carry you far with a flivver,
While the old gray mare oft went on a tare,
Kicked her heels in the air
And sometimes broke the fender,
Which didn't take much of the legal tender
To mend either her or the fender.

SON, WATCH YOUR STEP

You may have your fling, my son,
But beware lest it be too far flung,
For you cannot recall all the deeds you have done,
Even though you're forgiven,
There's the scars that's left,
And you're not quite like your former self.
There may be a girl come into your life,
A likely one that you might take for wife,
So guard your step and watch it well,
For there's a bottomless pit in the depths of hell.

Since the World War's ending
Have you not felt at times
That the atmosphere was surcharged
With some momentous thing impending?
While I'm not prepared to say what it means,
It may be to usher in a new regime.

A man who won't look out for his own interest
Isn't safe with your coupons.

A well known preacher of the Northwest
Received, a short time ago, a letter
From a colored member of the cloth,
Saying, "Brother, being six feet four inches tall,
I think that I could wear your suits,
Even though I wouldn't be entirely
Able to fill them with credit."
He received several, forthwith,
And now, like Solomon of old, he goes forth
Arrayed in all his glory,
And preaches to his flock
A better and more uplifting story.

The world seems to be getting safer for Democracy
But rather uncertain for some of the Aristocracy.

INFLUENCES

We have but to read of the life
Of the late Lillian Russell,
To realize the great possibilities
Of individual life. When, having
Normal parents, their offspring is
Indellibly stamped by pre-natal influence
The mother has but to hold
To the thought of all that she holds dear
In future son or daughter,
Letting no trivial thing
Crowd out the thought. 'Tis but a prayer

For good, when once it's understood.
No doubt most of the talented ones of the past,
You can thus account for, first and last.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star
As you shine on a new Ford car.
Can you tell by your blinking eye,
What it really is from up so high?

We spend our substance in a day,
Then fret and fume
At the slower process,
The reannealing of the clay.

CLAMS VERSUS MAN

Clams are restricted in their range of vision,
They see through a water glass darkly;
Man, having a larger vision,
Doesn't necessarily have to stay in a rut.
It depends a great deal on the will.

Though the Humming Bird does not sing,
There's harmony in the vibration of his wings.
So well attuned are they to nature,
Of which he is a part,
You scarce note the difference,
When he makes a sudden dart,
In leaving a smaller flower,
For the larger one in the bower.
His is not an idle life.
Oft times he has a wife and fledglings,
Nestling behind the tendrils in the hedge.
Although he sips the honey on the wing,
If disturbed, he, unlike the bee, leaves no sting.

While Chastity bends and reels to the tune of Jazz,
There's lack of harmony in the air,
That rises to meet the vibrations from the stars.

Many who would dodge the sun
Are not so anxious to avoid the moonshine.

She laughed to get fat,
Now she'd like to be thin,
But the germ once inside
Refuses to come out again.
Another stunt she'll have to try,
Rolling on the floor and kicking sky-high.

The Lake Union Fleet having rested long,
And had its nap, will now be scrapped.
'Twas an empty honor, being admiral to that fleet,
No need of holy-stoning decks
While it slept, or splicing the main brace
Of which Uncle Sam does not approve,
Except they're three miles off shore.

We are living in age of irreverency,
And there is much misdirected energy
Among the youth, and a tendency
Not to take much of any responsibility,
Believing it better to
"Let George do it," and
He has his limitations,
He is catering to too many already-yet.

A presidential Bee has lodged in
Many an aspiring man's bonnet
And when it left him cold
He still was mad as a hornet.

Today you can play well your part.
With an unbiased mind and an open heart
It becomes a simple art.

Three bricklayers were continually losing time,
It had been three weeks since the sun did shine,
And how their board bill did climb.
And to make it worse, the rain had slacked the lime,
And they were yet beating time
And using winter's scanty hoard
To pay their board.
But love is ever blind—
Women continue to marry bricklayers—
In the good old summer time.

NEW ERA CLUB

We are entering a new era, and partial disarmament finds the
world more anxious for a uniform creed.
It's all embraced in the Golden Rule, whose code of ethics
ever holds true,
Never demanding more of me than you.

Within the great Sargasso Sea
Many derelicts are floating round,
Even here on Puget Sound
Many may be found.

Miss Seattle, backed by Eastern and Western Washington,
Faces the East, calm in her loyalty,
Loud in her praise of lakes, rivers and Sound,
And farther away where mountains abound.
Bounteous crops never fail us,
Either in fruits or grain;
We are never the losers, we always have gained.
Then you of the East come to the feast—
We'll make you a cobbler, both juicy and sweet,
The under crust of our good whole wheat.

We often read of a continental flight
That's about to be made.
The next we hear,
They have started on the first leg,
Followed by a report that something has gone wrong,
And they haven't a leg left to stand on.

As we go up and down the vale,
Looking for the trail,
We often meet old Baal
With stock for sale,
As he gushingly tells us
Of his flowing well,
We can't help but think
That he wants our kale.

No matter what they say of you,
And more or less of that be true,
Be forgiving, change your mode of living,
Then they'll have that much less to say of you.

Love is often passive in the valley,
When it feels no pain;
With the passing of the sunshine
And the coming of the rain,
Firm hearts meet the storms
Without a thought of pain.

Some receive their vision in the mountains
Or beside the sea;
Others get their vision while beneath the trees,
While the few visualize all three.

The Village Blacksmith is still a valiant man,
But Fords and autos have shooed the horse away;
And when he hangs a whiffletree
He hangs it on a tree.

Men of the past generation
Were taught to champion the rights of women;
Women now seem able to stand for their own rights.

Many a man when caught with the goods,
Makes a wry face and a poor mouth
When brought before the judge,
And some get away with it.

SAID SHE

While we can no longer agree,
Let us feel that through Adam
We still have the same genealogical tree.

AND THEY WERE

About the time the March zephyrs
First began to blow,
Some pussy-willows, advance agents,
Of Spring's varied floral shows,
Poked their soft furry noses,
Out into the cold and snow,
And rested while it blew.

Babylon rose to social heights,
But not to that of glory;
Had she trod a different path,
History would have chronicled a different story.

THE HOUSE THAT'S IVY CLAD

The house that's ivy clad
When diffused by the morning sun,
Appears to be glad,
Although a pearl gray tear
Sparkles here and there,
There's no need to despair—
They'll be absorbed
In the sunlit air.

A widowed mother, having but one,
And that a daughter,
She had lost her son,
(He'd eloped.)
She was kept busy shooing suitors away.
She was successful with all but one,
And he the most determined man under the sun,
He wouldn't be shooed, and she hadn't a gun.
And remembering the last act of her son,
She let the daughter go by the run.
And when in their own little home they had come
You couldn't drive her away.
She settled down,
Claiming they needed her the worst way.
There she stays to this day.

THE RAINBOW

The vivid, livid colors in the spectrum
That are thrown across the skies,
Revive in me a hope—
A hope that never dies.

ECHOES OF THE PAST

The murmuring which you hear
Coming from the depths of Puget Sound
Are but faint echoes of the undertow,
Of ships that left here long ago.
Were last reported in dire straits,
Entering into an unknown sea,
As yet uncharted by you and me.

Truth ever living in the open
And above board,
Has no need of an excuse
Or subterfuge.

THE RABBIT'S FOOT

We claim no relationship with the evil one,
But we carry this fetich
Within the right hip pocket
And sometimes there's another kind
Within the other pocket.

It takes courage while paying for a dead horse
To have a live one eating his head off,
And nothing for him to do
To help you through.

He was only a soldier, like one of the many,
But it fell to his lot to be left behind
In storming the battlements that encased the Rhine.
His was a noble end.
When the last trump is called
He, arising in his place, will answer,
"All is well! I gave my blood,
I did my best,
To break the hold
That the devil had wrest,
But couldn't hold
When put to the test."
With the setting of the sun
He's gone West.
In going East why should we mourn?

Millions have lived upon this plane,
Who have not left a name
Emblazoned in the Hall of Fame,
But above, in the Hall of Justice,
They are immortalized with Peace
Through Love.

A chimpanzee may not have much refinement of feeling
Within his being,
But he can play on a tin pan to beat the band,
Can a chimpanzee.

This world is very much in need
Not of a new creed,
But a better application of the old,
Whose code of ethics ever holds true,
Never demanding more of me
Than it exacts of you,
But often giving and receiving
In larger measure than before.
Since the World War's ending
This message is being rejuvenated.
In fact it's in travail of a new birth.
Why not pass it on—
Let it be far flung
To the teeming millions of earth,
Whether beneath the tropic moon
Or under the shadows of the Midnight Sun,
It matters not their color
But depends upon the need.

Having Radio and knowing how sound and light waves travel,
We, ere long, may know more of the mysteries of the ether zones.
Enforced stay-at-homes now hear much of truth
That's lost to those that roam,
Making their abiding place
The more like home.

We're living in a time
When people like to spring
And break their fetters,
Going their neighbors one better.

IN POSSUM LAND

No better Possum in de land than
In Georgia.
They shoot both Possum and Craps
In Georgia.
And sometimes a coon
Is caught in the trap,
In the scrap.
In Georgia.

RADIATING RADIOS

What are the Radio waves a-saying?
The best way is to listen in at home
Over your own receiving line,
Whose business end's a phone.
It's the same old story,
You'll often hear the world buttin' in.
Would take an aviator to get 'em off the line,
And that would be too much waste of time.

Many of us would be less given to seeing red
If we kept better hours and went to bed at ten,
Instead of borrowing from the next day
Before we finally hit the hay.

HOSIERY

For length and breadth and height
And variegated hues,
A man having good sight
Need never have the blues.

Seattle played well the host
To Marshals Joffre and Ferdinand Foch,
One born on the border of France and Spain,
They've not been idle, or lived in vain,
For these are names that will endure,
Stars emblazoned upon Time's Historic page

When all is said and done
What does man really amount to
Unless he asserts himself,
And shows that he possesses a backbone
And is not a spineless worm?

Peggy, my girl, beware
You still have many leagues to go,
And only one pair of feet.
So conserve your strength
And watch your step.
We know it's natural for you
To have lots of pep.
There are slippery places in the walks, you know,
So, now again we say,
Watch you step.

To those who awaken at break of day
And hear the robin pipe his lay,
And sing it in such a peculiar way
That only he knows how to say,
At that critical moment when night gives way to day.
Feel well repaid, thankful
That they'd not overlaid.

Some men are naturally retiring,
Others claim to be,
As some clothing firms we see
Who made that statement years ago,
Are still in the game, and show
No intentions of retiring out of sight,
Of closing doors and saying good-night.

Retiring Mayor Caldwell and Mayor-elect Brown
Tripped to Skagit town
And standing shoulder to shoulder
And looking up the gorge,
Both realized with one accord
The vast potentialities
Of that wonderful power.
Now ye taxpayers of this fair city,
Pay heed. This project when complete
And conducted by competent men, will eventually
Pay off our city carline bonds and some left
In the exchequer.

The infinite mind takes care of the tatters,
No matter how battered they be.
Even calms tempestuous seas
That are ever welling in you and me.

RUTH

Yes, that's her name.
She came into my life,
And having the right alloy,
Association with her did not annoy
We're married now, yes, it's a boy.
We've named him Roy.
We have settled by the fire.
Joy, bring daddy's slippers.
At-a-boy.

A seeker of truth having faith,
Was guided by understanding,
To the stage of life,
Whereby wise counsel and exaltations,
Were made to feel
That only through being humble,
Could he best serve his fellow man.
Down through the ages
There have been songs of praises.
Now let the welkin ring,
With hozannas to our Guide and King.

BILLICUM

Living on Yesler Way
Is the original Billicum.
He is nine or ten, I should say.
Met him one rainy day.
Had on a fisherman's suit, including the boots.
Hoot mon, he'd make you laugh,
This original Billicum boy.

While within the adolescent age,
Children should be allowed
Both to romp and play,
Rolling, bowling and sometimes strolling,
But not out upon the great highway,
Where Lizzies flit and sometimes hit.
Let them play within their yard,
And all formalities discard,
If they're under proper care.

Some roll them low,
Some roll them high,
High or low
They catch papa's eye.

Though we buckle on the armor
Morning, noon and night,
Often when corrected
We're inclined to start a fight.

In the U. S. A. we are in a state of ferment,
They've been raising it
Until they've got a bead on it,
But many of Uncle Sam's sleuth hounds
Have a line on only a small part of it.

BOUNTEOUS GIVING

There's bounteous returns
To those who are giving.
It's a fine art, this better mode of living,
Where it comes from the humble heart.
Constantly giving, yet having more,
It's God's decree, that having given
Apparently all of your store,
In the wellsprings of life
There's so very much more,
That you and I can never lessen the store.

HUSBANDS, ATTENTION!

Seattle housewives are ever on the scent
Not always for money boned, or lent;
But for saving, where it's spent.
With the average woman it's the natural bent.
Man doesn't have it to the same extent.
He earns it while Mollie caulks the seams and lessens rent.
And having a saving wife, it don't always pay to ask
Where it went. Sometimes taking it for granted
And be content.

FEAST OF NATIONS

Nations will feast in larger measure
Only as they increase in wisdom and understanding
Realizing that one is as good as another
In the sight of God. If they've but the faith
Of their fathers, and larger vision
Of the Mother of us all, whose heart goes out to us
Since Adam's fall.

'Tis not enough
When we have planted seed on fallow ground,
For our potatoes we must scratch and dig,
And make and keep mellow ground,
And see that water goes the round,
But not too damp,
For that would cause
Both scale and rot.
Then without a crop
Many would cry and wail
But that would not avail,
None to eat and less for sale.

THE CURSE OF TODAY

Our day of grace,
In which we've faced
The problems of 1922,
Are nearly through.
Now it rests with you and me,
Since we've agreed on a working plan
That will protect our fellow man
In his fight against the narcotic foe,
That insidious thing
Controlled by the devil's ring,
That carries with it such a viper's sting,
Befogs the mind and dims the vision,
Shrinks the heart and warps the soul,
That was in quest of a better goal.
Now, any man who would sell such stuff
Outside of urgent use,
Should be kept in durance vile
And all the while be served
With bitter aloes and wormwood tea,
A quite insufficient penalty,
You'll with me agree.

BETWEEN THE LINES

Altho a faded and withered rose
My resting place a bed of prose,
While my spirit dwells in the heart of the Muse
Where the mystic rythm does not confuse.

THE PILGRIM ON THE WAY

Tho dyed in the wool,
A wisp of gray
This animated bit of clay
Was scarce noticed
Upon the great highway.
But a sparrow cannot fall
Without the Master knowing all.
As the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb
So is it to the Pilgrim on the road
Whose back is strengthened
To carry the load,
As he faithfully struggles on.
What cares he for scorn,
Being unafraid, he takes the grade
That the uninitiated could not have made.

THE TRAFFIC COP

Within the center of the congested street,
Is the small confine of the traffic man's beat,
As he swings his sign to and fro,
Pointedly telling you to "Stop" or "Go."
Do not ignore the traffic cop
When he tells you to go or stop.
Violators oft go to the shop for repairs,
Whether in autos, or jaywalking across the square.

THE BEACON OF LIGHT

Dark though the night,
There's a radiant glow
Diffusing spiritual light
Where e'er you go.
Roll high the shade;
Then into your heart
Come's the Soul's Beacon of Light,
Communion by day, guiding at night.

As we exercise and fertilize the mind,
Let it not be at the expense of the spine.

I've been living in the valley,
When there came depression
I upward looked and lived.
Where there's a vision of the hills,

Music has charms to soothe
The savage in our breasts,
And calm our minds,
When under great duress.

DOGS

How they romp and love to play,
When we have a pleasant day.
Have you noticed them upon the lawn?
One stood as a sentinel by the way,
While the other with his ears laid back,
Made of the lawn a circular track,
As he surged around him front and back.
And then they both tore up the track,
And tired out, they soon came back,
And lying prone upon the ground,
With lolling tongue they made faint sound,
So much like tired romping children.

We fill our lives with nonessentials,
And when called upon to deliver the goods,
We haven't the credentials.

Have you been depressed,
When rocked in the cradle of the deep,
And had scarce the strength
The vigil to keep?
Then with the parting of the waves,
You beheld the silver lining,
Then your hopes and aspirations,
Went soaring and a-climbing.

The spring of perpetual youth
Rests in the heart of man,
While the fountain's head is higher up,
There's always sufficient for you to sup;
So drink to your fill,
And impart the good will,
That others may live and enjoy the product
That wise nature distilled.

There are some phases of human woe
Not fully given man to know.
The loss to a mother of her only son
Who but glanced the horizon of Life,
Then left this sphere with all its strife.

The fate of nations hangs in the balance,
They are nearing the precipice.
There's an urgent need of a counterbalance.
Civilization is seeing red,
While going through the crucible.
It will emerge
After being purged
Of its tinsel and dross
And baser metals
Into a more refined product,
An amalgamation
Trued, as steel,
That will better measure up
To the Golden Rule.

Strange vibrations in the air,
Spooks are on a tare.
What an intangible thing is a ghost,
You fail to grasp him
When you'd like to most.
He's never sociable to his host.

While Seattle has the right Spirit,
She hasn't it all;
Tacoma has some of that dope herself,
And more brewing.

When pulse is weak and the eye grows dim,
What is that to her or him,
Where the mind and heart are attuned
To a higher plane. Though the sun may scorch
And there comes wind and rain,
What care they?
'Tis but the price they owe
To the one who paid.

SPRING TONICS

Twas easy for me to take pennyroyal and wormwood tea when
a boy,
But when called upon to take harlem and castor oil,
Then was the battle royal.

Artists are born, not made.
He who has not the temperament,
Had better learn a trade.

Today came an awakening,
To her who had been but a pawn.
While he had played the game,
And time went on,
And no longer interesting to him is her song,
So he travels on.

Some folks say when a man's forty
He can't come back.
Often all that's needed
Is getting on another track,
And ripped things up the back.
A change of tide may bring a favorable breeze,
Making your competitors wheeze.

A little bird sang to me,
With quiet and mellowed thrill.
I felt I'd received a blessing
Through his good will.

A she bear lay wounded in her lair,
And she had little strength to spare;
But her cubs were there,
So she gave to them
The little she had to share.

ONLY A WEEK

Unsullied by the world,
He returned from his week's vacation.
It might have been different
Had it been of longer duration.

THE BLUEBIRD

You're a belated harbinger of Spring.
Nevertheless, you make the welkin ring,
As you sing your lays today—
A lift for work and a lilt for play—
Joyous melody through all the day.

Tractors as universal plowshares will soon be in vogue
They are taking the hoss—but leaving the dogue.
Even when Genius but occasionally flashes in the pan
Let's give credit to our fellow man.

THE SEATTLE SPIRIT

The Seattle Spirit would be truer to form
If it lived more in the light in which it was born.
Born in the faith that will never say die,
Are axioms for you and I.

I oft drink to thine eyes,
But it is to the heart I would speak.
A responsive appeal would cause mine to blink.

Oft the drink that's brewed today,
Turns to bitterness in the cup,
When later we would sup and drive dull care away.

A church on the hill near Yesler Way has a cross.
And a few days ago a yellow-hammer was there drilling away.
You could hear him for blocks around.
You'd have thought him a riveter by the sound.
He probably was sharpening his drill,
For he looked too wise a bird
To expect to find worms in a cross,
That is placed on the roof of a church on the hill.

Beauty and the beast attend a feast.
He being indisposed,
She advises a cake of yeast,
Later when called upon to give a toast,
He responded with wit and vim.
Vitamines were working with him.

Taking the bull by the horns
Is easier said than done.
A novice who tried it,
Thought a catapult had sprung.

When the finality has come
And all has been said and done worth while,
A smile and a waft of the hand
Lingers long in the mind and heart
Of man or child.

A man may be filled with malice and guile,
But there are few among them,
That would break faith
When once he'd pledged himself with a child.

For she'd accepted you,
With all the sincerity of youth,
And that is why you've kept your word
With her, your little ward.

In the heart of a mart of trade
A slim and petite maiden
Sold me a roast of beef,
And in the same day a block away,
A short and beefy girl
Sold me clinging chiffons and lace,
Neither one had found her place.

THE SEATTLE SPIRIT

Is it hard to define?
No, if you'll but get through the rind;
Then cut to the quick,
There at the heart of the core,
You'll find
A spirit existing,
That never says die.
Born of that spirit, are you and I.

Having a reprobate mind
Is due to the liver;
If not cured in the vale,
There's faint hope beyond the river.

The impression we make on the world
Depends to a great extent
On pre-natal influences.
Unless you recognize and
Overcome the handicap
Today you can play well your part,
With an unbiased mind and an open heart,
It becomes a simple art.

WOMEN

One mere man says:
"She's a lemon sour."
He evidently has received a punch.

Another, more complimentary, says:
"She's a man's safety valve."
He's probably inclined to tank up.

Many carp about the social warp and filling,
Then they jazz instead of getting in and drilling.

I ate an egg that came from storage,
Judging from the taste of it,
It long had paid demurrage.

AND SPEAKING OF EGGS

In the local market we have a wide variety to choose from,
They range from local to bifocal.
You'll more readily understand me when I'm through,
There's the large brown and white eggs,
And the nondescript which include pullets, pewees,
And last and least, weewees.
Otherwise known as bifocals.
It's hard to locate the source of supply,
Although there are many pigeon lofts close by.
They seem to be here to stay your stomach,
Provided you eat enough of them.

They who the golden rule would seek,
Need more humility and less of cheek.

We jazz and swing,
And have our fling.
Like Babylon of old,
We surely pay the piper.

When the Irish become amenable to reason,
And can meet on common ground,
Plant and raise their spuds without friction,
And community pigs meet on the square;
Without bristles standing in air,
Then the Millennium will be near at hand
To greet the Irish Super Man.

THE SUNLIT FLOWER

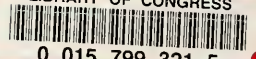
Had I the power to create a flower,
I'd combine them all as one,
With the fragrance of May and June.
Then, having sprinkled well with dew,
Would lift the shade
And let the sun shine through,
Presenting it to you.



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